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A N

E X C U R S I O N

T O

M A R G A T E,

IN THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1786:

Intersperfed with a VARIETY of

Anecdotes of well-known Characters.

By HARDWICKE LEWIS, Esq.

Rupis oh! sacrae, pelagique custos
Villa, nympharum custos et propinquæ
Doridos.

SANNAZ.

L O N D O N :

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MDCC LXXXVII.



ADVERTISEMENT.

NO sooner does an Author appear in Print, but the Public become more interested in the Design than the Subject of his Performance, and are anxious to discover whether the Scenes he exhibits be real or the Work of Fancy—to gratify this idle Curiosity, I would beg them to consider the Journey as actually made, and the Observations taken for private Amusement—that they are now published—either by particular Desire, or, perhaps, for Fame, or—it may be, for Profit—that the Story of MARIA is not the mere Flight of Imagination, but embellished Truth; and—that the Approbation or Contempt with which this Work shall be received by the World will entirely silence or call into Action the future Observations of

HARDWICKE LEWIS.

ALBERT
[Faint, illegible text follows, appearing to be a list or series of entries.]

T O T H E
HON. MRS. BYRON.

M A D A M,

TO want *gratitude* is to want
virtue—In the summer of
1778, during a short residence at
Margate, the attention you paid
me, a stranger and unprotected—
the circumstance may have escaped
your memory—can never be erased
from my heart.

One

One who never spoke to the world before could not find a trumpet to proclaim your *excellence*, and speak aloud, that *sweetness* of *manners*, attended by *elegance* and *beauty*, are not the only ornaments of MRS. BYRON—she soars beyond this, emulating whatever is *amiable* and *lovely*——Women of her rank seldom *feel* exquisite sensations, unless the *steel* of *envy* rankles in their breast, or when *Flattery* dedicates its offering at the shrine of *Pride*.

There is sometimes indeed a sort of *fashion* to be adopted, that would

would look like *feelings* — but a public subscription for a decayed *Debauchee* lights up a larger flame in an EXALTED bosom, than the raising a statue to the *living* GENIUS of HUMANITY, or releasing from the heavy chains of misery and confinement even HUMANITY itself.

They would be thought PATRIOTS too—for an hour perhaps—a *birth-day* suit must be ENGLISH manufacture—it is only for a *birth-day*—the next it descends in its full gloss to the *fille de chambre's* wardrobe; who, disdaining to be
less

less fashionable and fantastic than her mistress, packs it up for the best bidder, and waits patiently for the next foreign frippery that drops to her share.—To draw a comparison between your life and theirs, in this respect, would be scarce one remove from an insult.

Eminence and *Dignity* are the handmaids of *their* wish—the sisters of *their* hope—*your* wish to be *eminent* in *virtue*, *your* hope to be *dignified* by *goodness*—A tale of wretchedness never ends without a tear from your eye—an object of compassion sinks not unrelieved—

nor

nor does the sally of wit or the sprightliness of fancy revel without a *smile*, and such a smile too as enlivens the one and sharpens the other.

THE EXCURSION TO MARGATE
is dedicated to YOU from the impulse of Gratitude—if it should raise a *sigh*—it will be the sigh of *virtuous compassion* for suffering beauty—if it contracts a *frown*, it will be that of *honest contempt* for ridiculous follies—if it endimples your *cheek*, that cheek will mantle without a *blush*.

This

This may be no recommendation to *common* readers—you will think it the best.

The *loud-tongue* of *politicks*, that condemns one party to deceive another—the *effusions* of *ribaldry* to raise a flame in *unimpassioned* age, or cheat the *youthful innocent* into *wantonness*, are but too much listened to and encouraged—Novels too—insipid as the taste that imbibes them,—improbable in incident,—unmeaning in design—betraying barrenness of stile and vulgarity of manners, are the dear delights of the female world—the
best-

best-loved companions of their waking hours, the envied sharers of their bed—how many expect to find *human nature* in common life as much out of nature as freakish ignorance has represented it in almost every page of almost every *circulating library*.—Were it so, they would be disappointed; for the affected blandishments that surround their *heroes* are like the *foil* that makes the stone to *glisten*, but adds not an iota to its *value*.

I do not mean to commend the following *Trifle* to you as a model of *perfection*—I *know* it to be *not*
so—

so—it is *desultory*, but (I hope) not *barren*; and where any thing like *sentiment* shews itself, it does not border on *immorality*, either in *effect* or *allusion*—Not that it should be insinuated *strength* of *language* and *energy* of *expression* ought to be rejected, or even weakened, because ingenious witlings can discover them, in their great wisdom, to convey *allusive ideas*.—That *modesty* is but a *bubble* which can be annihilated by a *breath*—but I am wandering from myself——

Such as this Production is, it lays itself at your feet, and implores your protection, prouder to be read
and

and approved of by you than an
host of critics, in the same degree
as the applause of *accomplished vir-*
tue is superior to that of *bookish*
judgment.

I have the honor to be,

With the highest deference,

And most grateful respect,

MADAM,

Your most obliged,

And faithful humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

and approved of by you than an
half of either in the same degree
is the equivalent of a hundred of the
it is inferior to that of the

I have the honor to be,
With respectful attention,
Your most obedient servant,

And with grateful respect
I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
And with kindest regards
To the Ladies,
I remain, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,

A N
E X C U R S I O N
T O
M A R G A T E.

C H A P. I.

IT was in one of those fine days, when the glow of nature bursts at once upon us after an age of cloud, that my warmth of gratitude was alloyed by a craving void for I know not what, and I determined to dissipate an unaccountable anxiety by a jaunt to Margate.—There is not in a whole catalogue of complaints so uncomfortable a sensation; is it through too much sensibility or too little?—It is of no consequence which;—nay, whether it is peculiar to mankind in general or myself in particular, is a question not

B

worth

worth the asking—but it often seeks relief from society; as often plunges for comfort into the gloom of solitude; no blade of grass, thatched cottage, or humble spire; no painted beauty, elegant grace, or superannuated foppery escapes it—nay, it finds pleasure in contemplating lesser objects; rustic wit and fashionable nonsense, rude health and well-bred languor, the pursed-up wrinkles of dotting age, and the natural dimples of amorous fifteen.—The man of common observation need not step over a kennel without making useful reflections; His *economy* may be awakened in the care of keeping his stockings clean, his *prudence* in the danger of slipping, his *caution* in the fear of suffering from mischievous link-boys, whose pride it is to level any thing like gentility with filthiness.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

The H O Y.

I LOVE to save where there is not enough to spend, and so, with some fondness for the sea into the bargain, determined to trust myself in a Hoy, though the wind was contrary and violent.—The groupe that presented itself on board was composed, like a Mecca caravan, of all nations, but with this difference, there were more women than men.—You can scarce conceive the joy that lighted up every countenance upon leaving that sink of corruption called LONDON; where the poor wallow in wretchedness, and the rich stink in state.—It is the manner of the English to be reserved and shy; nay, there is

something in the air that contracts the foreign larynx, infomuch that an hour or two had elapsed before any remark was made beyond—which way the wind blew, and that we were all likely to pig together, old and young maids, wives and widows; batchelors and married men;—then I shall set up, says *Decency*.—But I observed, though the women tittered at the idea, they resolved for bed, and bade defiance to all that could be done there.—Tea, which we all had in common, though each afforded his particular share, retained a quality it has long been distinguished for, that of expanding the tongue; as we sip we chatter: detraction has named it the liquor of scandal,—I deny the assertion,—at least in this instance; but we were all *strangers* indeed, and it seems the amiable

ble gratification of that charming passion, to abuse one's *friends*.—While one kindly over-sweetened, and another deluged me with milk, my eye had run over the various countenances; this was not curiosity, but instinct—My fancy could read anecdotes in every feature, to amuse or awaken my judgment—In three minutes something or other betrayed every man's occupation or design:—The *invalid* questioned the efficacy of bathing in bracing the nerves—the *plasterer*, in admiring the height of one of the crew, remarked, “ he was a fine “ man; for he was tall enough to white-wash the cieling without a scaffold.” The *fille de chambre* had adjusted half the neck-handkerchiefs into the genteel set, and be-ma'am'd over the whole table in the last polite screw of the mouth.

mouth. But what touched my heart, was the observing how each endeavoured to be agreeable, and ——— to think others so. Is not this the end of society? Then do you, whose ingenuity administers to the supposed wants of the rich, forbear to envy the titled harradan and lordly frippet, whose pay rolls on in unmeaning parade, cursing an unlucky card, or a lucky courtier, be-civilling a friend and an enemy in the same language and address—hurrying from one diversion to another, without being diverted, till fatigue yawns into sleep, and rises spiritless and ungratified, to act the same dull interlude again.——It is in the middle life alone, I was about to say, where activity of body gives activity to the mind, that we should look for superior happiness; when, in raising my hand to my
chin

chin—a motion common to common orators—it came in contact with another so cold, as as to derange my ideas, and alarm my imagination.

C H A P. III.

The INCOGNITA.

MY eye caught the finest face in the world. This may be denied—but it was indisputably the most beautiful it had ever beheld. How could it escape me before? That would require no depth of wisdom to discover, on being told, it was concealed under a bonnet.—There was a fascinating charm in the melancholy that softened it, which interested my tenderness. I begged the lady's

pardon for an involuntary disturbance.
—She bowed, and sighed—I sighed too
—my tea-cup fell from my hand to the
ground—it was impossible to see so much
beauty and the table at the same time.
The noise it made alarmed her, even to
shrieking; she would have smiled at her
weakness, but the recollection of some
misery seemed to check her in an in-
stant, and the smile sunk into a sigh
deeper than the first.—I could have
snatched her to my soul, and, in extra-
vagance of sympathy, emptied all its
treasures before her, in the hope to soothe
her anguish: my feelings became too
prominent, and it was necessary to retire;
an awkward apology, and a seeming wish
to know what passed upon deck, led me
up the hatchway. Some GREAT BOY
would have fancied himself in love in
such

such a situation. I had *felt* the difference—it was a passion, if possible, superior; for it was disinterested—it was a pity so purified as saints would feel for suffering virtue; an affection so divine, as would have poured forth blessings, hopeless and careless of a return.

C H A P. IV.

Greenwich, Greenbithe and Tilbury.

BY this time we had reached Greenwich, a royal foundation that rears its head as a monument of national gratitude: All crowded to admire the magnitude of the building, all joined to commend the magnitude of the blessing.—For my part, though my heart was full almost to bursting, my memory would
trace

trace back a few years, when a most puissant duke most patriotically instituted a most interesting parliamentary enquiry in favor of the aged warriors protected here; the result of which was to prove that contractors had really and absolutely made the decayed sailors' shirts shorter by a whole hem than they ought to be.

We proceeded on our voyage without an uncommon occurrence; for I dared not trust myself to revisit the cabin; it would have betrayed me; and there is something of shame in publicly discovering a passion, however pure, that shrinks the fine fibres of delicacy. My heart was not at ease; it would send many an eager wish, it would frame many a chaste desire to be better acquainted; it longed to participate the grief compassion wept for; to alleviate the pang which perhaps
it

it could not remove.—What conjectures did it not raise—hopeless love—that cannot be—Coldness itself could not look on such a form, and not be fired into affection—A lost lover, that seemed likely—Envied lover indeed, if, hovering over a form so lovely, you might see how you are deplored.

At length we reached Greenhithe, where the old British gambols of tumbling, cudgelling, and running for shifts were exhibiting on a green by the side of the river—methought old Father Thames looked with an eye of pleasure on the sports; and seemed to protect them by his waving sedges, that nodded approbation all around them—methought too, as the white ensign of reward for maiden swiftness was displayed, it tempted many a fair lass upon deck in silent language

to

to exclaim—"Would I were there,
 "Camilla-like, to

"Fly o'er th' unbending grafs, and skim along the plain."

In a few minutes we forgot this scene, in contemplation of Tilbury Fort; where the Royal Beldam for once betrayed a magnanimity of soul and grace of eloquence that fired her subjects to repel an enemy superior to them by millions—but Britons want little to enflame them into frenziful courage, when a foreign enemy would invade the land, to destroy their laws bought so dearly, or change a religion loved so well—they give the lie to every thing in man that can be called *infallible*, and an *invincible* Armada is the subject of derision.

C H A P.

C H A P. V.

E V E N I N G.

Now wearied Sol in ocean's bosom laves,
And his ray trembles on the curling waves.

IN plain prose, it was evening.—We cast anchor, and when Phœbus sunk into Thetis's lap we flunk down to supper. —This was a fair opportunity to gaze on the melancholy *Incognita*.—I would have addressed her, but my tongue faltered; she sat in the same place, and in the same posture. Somebody asked her to partake of their cheer—their officious kindness displeased me, but she thanked them, and refused with such sweetness as spoke how immortally happy he must have been for whom she exerted her

her arts to charm, whose protection she would have repaid with blissful gratitude, to whose tale she might have listened with enraptured attention, and all the little transports that await on mutual love.—It was too much to see such excellence so saddened.—You may have discerned a western cloud, heavy with dews, but inskirted with gold, and bursting into the Tears of nature for the loss of the sun: it was her prototype.—She could not long be unobserved—it was too distressing—nobody endeavoured or wished to detain her from retiring to a bed sequestered from the rest. My eyes followed her till they lost their sight, and every faculty was absorbed in glorious pity.

A solemn silence and a slender repast ill suited my humour; so leaving man-
tua-

tua-makers and taylors to *cut out* for themselves, milleners and attorney's clerks to *join issue*, the softest box in the hold afforded me a resting-place, and the canopy of heaven a covering——A resting-place?——No——while distress was rankling in a heart apparently so deserving——rest is a philosophy my ambition would have been degraded by aspiring to.

The clattering of ropes and the noise of weighing disturbed even meditation. It was now I perceived the benefit of a cock's shaking his feathers; the imitation refreshed me; and I sallied forth to see what no description can picture——Bunbury's self would fail in the execution——men, women, children and dogs promiscuously groaning, heaving and discharging their stomachs even to the very dregs; the pleasure, which had been so
live-

livelily tricked out in every countenance, sunk into the dolefuls; each thinking himself the worst, and describing, in colours neither nice nor needful, the symptoms and effects of their complaint.—I could not but laugh to see sturdy health so chicken-hearted, and limbs formed for trundling mops to shrink at the splashing of waters—Xerxes threw fetters into the sea; Canute bade its saucy waves not to rise arrogantly and wet their master; it was no more the slave of the one than the servant of the other: What had we to trust to then but patience?

Where was the mourner? Undisturbed by all this? Not the least affected, thank heaven! Thank heaven? Yes, for all its dispensations. I confess (had not the grateful exclamation been uttered before I thought it possible that sickness had
not

not been added to affliction, because that affliction was too poignant, for

“Where the greater malady is fix’d the lesser is scarce felt”)

my gratitude to heaven would have been withheld from compassion to a woman.

CHAP. VI.

M A R G A T E.

AFTER tumbling and rumbling, tacking and retacking, we reached Margate, to the great joy of Neptune’s patients, who were as tired of his prescription as if fees had been paid for it; the few who were not affected by the tow’ring motion experienced from hunger pains that need not be described; their stores being in the cabin, partook of scents that “all the perfumes of Arabia could not sweeten:” For my part,

C

I fast-

I fasted from food to glut on affliction, and “wished no other relish.” It was impossible to land at the Pier, through the lowness of the tide; boats put off therefore to our relief;—for, to say truth, the Margatians are a friendly sort of people, whenever they can use a WRECKING-HOOK, or make demands upon the purse.

When the first boat landed, the inhabitants poured down in such numbers, they can be compared with nothing better than savages on Cook’s arrival at Otaheite: You could not have a parcel with a single night-cap in it, that was not immediately seized upon by some kind hand, ready to convey it to *your* apartment or *their own*.—If Argos had a thousand eyes, he had need of them all.

So

So transported were the passengers, so careful the crew that none should escape without leaving the usual compliment, my waiting was unobserved. Long did my heart pant and linger for this unknown fair-one—It wished to learn the story of her sadness—it was depressed through the fear of never seeing her again; at length she accepted my assistance down the ship's side; allowed me to accompany her.—What pleasure did it give me to busy myself in the care of her portmanteau! I felt proud in being distinguished by her, and held my head an inch higher—For what? The people of the country knew not her value; the passengers had not discovered it; and beside had separated from us—What a little consciousness does pride build upon, a foundation very often en-

tirely out of sight.—A growing girl, my relation, on a particular Sunday plumed her neck oftener, and became more reserved than usual: What could be the reason? Her maid, whom I knew from a child, disclosed it, by informing me her young mistress had that morning decorated her knees with a pair of pink fatten garters, spick and span new.—Upon our landing, the fingers of Briareus could not have contained the variety of cards flipt into our hands by bathers, tavern-mongers, lodging-letters, and a whole tribe of *et cæteras*, with so obliging an air and placid a countenance, as made me wish to have employed them all.—Prudence will make me hint here, that the best answer to be given on such an occasion is, “I shall look out for myself;” and that too seasoned with such

a por-

a portion of sourness as shall make them suppose you in earnest.

“ Shall I have the pleasure of conducting you to your lodgings?”—How dull must that comprehension be which could not instantly discover to whom this question was addressed.—“ You take more trouble about me, Sir, than the shortness of our acquaintance should warrant. Beside, my wish for coming hither is to be unnoticed and unknown.” How dull must that heart be, which could not be dashed at such an answer! What is there in the world that does not gather strength from opposition? Not curiosity, be sure. But it would have been worse than sacrilege to break in on the mourner’s privacy: a monopoly in sorrow is too great a luxury to deprive the sufferer of; suppose me then bend-

ing a bow of reverence, and leaving her reluctantly.

CHAP. VII.

EXTORTION, &c.

IT was not difficult for a quiet man to fix upon an house; in about an hour I was as much at home as if my residence had been here for a century.—Rent may be high, but the seasons are short; and, faith, he must be unconscionable indeed who grudges to pay dearly for turning an *Englishman* out of his castle.—Provisions in general are not unreasonable; I should have been quite contented but for two circumstances, that loudly spoke the genius of the place to be *Extortion*. The milk being tolerable, when compared with the chalk and water of the metropolis, induced

duced me to enquire into the price; and on exclaiming at three pence per quart, was informed, that not having the luck to be born on the spot, one penny was levied upon me as a *foreigner*.—And Oh! tell it not on Tower-hill, proclaim it not through the streets at Whitehall, the *shoe-black* made an additional charge of an hundred per cent. and on remonstrance would have deducted, but through the fear of being kicked out of the town for an HONEST MAN.——It is a custom here to impose a discount of 1-half per cent. on bank-notes by the *deputy*, who, in this respect, keeps a sort of usurious banking-house.

The government of this place is loose, and the people of course dissolute. It is under the jurisdiction of the port of Dover. How the laws of England are en-

forced may be gathered from a circumstance still in every body's mouth. One of the *smugglers* conceived an inveterate hatred towards a labouring man, who, he supposed, had cheated him of a shilling, and was frequently heard to threaten his life: On one evening, they had passed together, while they were returning home, the scoundrel seized and beat him in such a manner, that after crawling near a mile, he died.—This is attested by a boy, who was made, in the wantonness of cruelty, to give him the last blow.—The murderer absconded, it is true, but has frequently been seen in various places; nay, in the very house where he was carelessly searched for, and openly visits his family. A reward has been offered for his apprehension, but justice is lame here as well as

as blind, and is in desperate want of Bow-street crutches.

I have not said a word about *bathing*, an enjoyment none can relish higher than myself. The shelf of the sea is so gradual, the sand so even, the harbour so smooth, the attendants so engaging—are irresistible invitations. The *machine* from which you emerge is similar in construction to a covered waggon; the back part declining into the water, forms a bath. To enter formally into the virtues of sea-bathing would be ridiculous, where all seem to fouse themselves for fashion's sake.—The man

“ To lave his brawny limbs.”

The woman

“ To rise a new-born Venus from the sea.”

At this season Margate is by no means full, but what company there is, is
highly

highly respectable. The *citizens* have not yet commenced gentlemen, haughtily bending the head backwards, through the dread of being thought to have contracted a sneaking stoop behind the counter.—So freely do *they* throw about their money, it surprizes me to see the inhabitants crowd about *nobility*, who come hither rather to retrench. They put one in mind of children, who will have their gingerbread gilt, though intrinsically not half the value.

C H A P. VIII.

A L E A P.

THE second evening after my arrival, to indulge a reverie, and contemplate the sublimity of the ocean, I paced up the *fort*; not because it was fashion-

fashionable ; that would not weigh a hair with me ;—it suited my frame of mind. A sigh would often escape me, in the recollection of former scenes ; nor was it less deep, when glancing towards the remembrance of my *fellow traveller*.—— Night was drawing on apace ; but there was nothing to fear, and my feet did not hasten a second—The rising moon, the stillness of the wave, called to memory Brydone's Hymn to the Virgin, and I reclined into the corn, that majestically rose around me, to indulge the recollection.——Scarce a moment seemed to pass, ere a form glided by me swiftly.— I knew it in an instant—started up—it gave such a look—exclaimed, “Forgive me, my God !” and plunged down the precipice. Frantic terror drew me so close to the spot, as had nearly dashed me

me down the dreadful height.—I ran to the beach; the water was up—a *fisherman* was washing his boat.—“Put off instantly, a lady has jumped from yonder cliff—let us rush to her assistance.”—With a most provoking patience, he told me his oars were on shore. “Great God! Fly for them, then.”—“Why, Lord, Sir,” scratching his head, “she must be dashed to pieces.”—“Do but obey me.” He moved so slowly, I could have cursed him; and when expecting him back, he came indeed—but to ask who was to *pay* him?—Pay him! Heaven and earth! Was that man created of the same materials with me? The body might be clay indeed, but his heart is of stone—harder than the rock she dashed upon.

Half

Half dead with impatience, and the wildness of apprehension, he at last rowed me toward the place. I saw her breathless and pale, but it was floating on the surface, for the water was up—to save her—not a hand was suffered to touch her garment but my own; mine was that of trembling gentleness.—She was insensible.—The bare idea of falling seventy feet perpendicular would have made any one so.—We bore her to the shore, which was lined with spectators; for the wretch had staid to proclaim the accident thro' half the town; this was rather a fortunate circumstance, since a child whose curiosity led him thither knew her: She had housed with his mother, and had that very evening given him a gold medal as a remembrance. We bore her to her own chamber, and she was not more
in-

indebted to the skill of the surgeon than his humanity for life restored.—A Scotch doctor, who had followed us, was mightily desirous of exerting his *humane* endeavours, but I forbade him, perhaps too roughly.—He did not appear to be twenty; but in his country children suck in pharmacy with their pap; keep terms in their nurse's arms; lisp Latin before they can walk; put on degrees with their first breeches, and are complete *doctors* in full practice, when they acquire strength sufficient to foot it southward, and their hair grows long enough to be enclosed in a bag.

I watched the first dawnings of reason with anxiety, and felt an happiness unutterable thrill through my veins. After her eyes had ineffectually opened a number of times, she at last fixed them on me.

me.—Then recollection first brought back her guilty attempt, every faculty was lost in amazement, and she shrunk from me in an agony.—Quietness was necessary to restore her.—I conjured, intreated, besought, nay, knelt to the old woman, to watch over and console the penitent; slipped an earnest of thanks into the boy's hand, and bought the little token she had given him;—not at the price my heart valued it,—but what he little expected. A parade of munificence at such a time is the sharpest spur to carefulness. As I lifted up the medal, it reflected the image of its mistress.—Oh! whatever thou art, if to the crime of self-murder thou hast added that tender weakness which brutal man enjoys but to betray,—may no busy tongue awake severe remembrance; no intrusive
ey

eye mark it with malicious leer—you have felt enough to gratify the rankest vengeance——rather let mercy hover round your pillow in the breeze of comfort, and human frailty draw the curtain of oblivion, to shut out sight for ever.

C H A P. IX.

The FORT.

THE night had so far advanced, it was not worth while to undress——slow and sad were my steps, they led me unconscious to the fatal cliff—I would rather have shunned it. This points out how innocently the body pursues the mind's ideas, when it is not checked by some ruling power. The *fort* will be henceforth ever present with me; not from itself, since it is a farce upon fortifications.

fications.—A few nine-pounders rear their noses toward the ocean, but without a ball or an engineer. It is supposed this situation would have been rendered more respectable by the *Uncle Toby* of the ordnance, but for a witticism (the only one uttered by a *Margatian* for a century)—his fortificatory system would sharpen dulness itself into biting humour.—There is a *watch-tower*, which the noble duke had a prodigious desire should be made formidable by a glacis, counterscarp, half-moon, and I don't know how many technical securities—when a wag observed there was no great occasion for them, since if his grace surveyed every part around it, he would find that it was already BUM-PROOF.

I remember to have been here in that winter when the idea of an invasion

D

“affright-

“affrighted half the land ;” and being of a card-party, seated in solemn silence, after every one had expressed his fears over the tea-cup, a drum struck up unexpectedly—all looked aghast—*grey-beaded fidgets* expected murder without mercy—*old maids* to be ravished—*fathers* shrunk for their *children*, and the *young girls*, after the first start, began to wonder what sort of men the *French* officers were. Half the *old women* were half way to Canterbury—before it was discovered that the sexton’s son had practised drumming in the belfry ; and this was the first time he had sallied forth to amuse his neighbours, and vaunt of his progress.

It has been a remark that, for the size of the island, there are more beautiful women in it than in any part of the kingdom.

dom.—If so, I am unfortunate either in my acquaintance or my taste.

CHAP. X.

The RECOVERY.

THE sands had now been crouded with machines, and *slip-shod ne-raids* were retiring to breakfast—the event of last night talked over and nearly forgotten, in the more interesting intelligence of a ship's arrival with French fans and India taffety from the plains of *Buckingham* and *Spitalfields*—When I ventured to enquire of the maitresse d' hotel how her charge had rested—the answer enraptured me—"in alternate devotion and sleep." She had enquired for me too, was awake, and expressed a wish to see me. My heart fluttered—her's, on my entrance,

seemed in violent agitation—a blush suffused her cheek—Why should *fearful innocence* and *guilty shame* be expressed by the same token? Her's implied a mixture of both—her eyes were half averted—her tongue attempted to call me her best angel; her—but then it dropt into silent trepidation—it was a respite for bot—nature could scarce keep her seat in either.—She revived to tell me, I had not rescued a wretch without gratitude—next to Heaven, I had her thanks—at that moment she saw the medal in my hand.—“What were my thoughts “when I gave that to the child!”—I raised it to my lips. “Alas! Sir, you “have indeed my thanks—bankrupt in “all beside, I have nothing else to bestow.”—She certainly thought my expressive attention to her, and the circum-

cumstance of the medal, meant to aspire at her heart, and she hoped to repress the wish, before the impression was too deep.—Sure it is a sad reflection—tho' perhaps too well warranted,—that man cannot feel exquisitely a friendship for some charming woman, without the views of love, or of some grosser passion—*Humanity* thou art degraded by it.

“The interest,” she proceeded to say,
 “which you have discovered for a
 “wretch, entitles you to be acquainted
 “with the history of her life—it will ac-
 “count for an action,—would it could
 “blot it from my memory—that you
 “must condemn—but it would pain me
 “should you despise me for it.”—I made
 a sacrifice of *truth* at the altar of *polite-
 ness*, by appearing to decline the indul-
 gence of a curiosity which must shew

impertinent—It must tear open wounds that seemed now to have a slight balm upon them.—“ Would you think
“ meanly of me? Listen attentively; as
“ freely censure, as freely absolve. I
“ feel my spirits strong enough for the
“ task—such an heart as yours cannot
“ be too severe—my guilt deserves punishment—my innocence wants that
“ consolation the sympathetic alone can
“ bestow upon it.”——I bowed submission, and she began.

MARIA'S HISTORY.

“ THE years of infancy”——here the surgeon interrupted us.—

C H A P.

C H A P. XI.

The S U R G E O N.

IN the uncomfortable sensations of the preceding evening, the recollection of his features did not strike me—He addressed me now by name, as formerly having attended an intimate friend of mine in a trifling illness. I remembered him for a man deserving every encomium that can be heaped on human nature, but in his language so abstrusely professional, that to understand him was next to impossible—His *patient* was a plain man, who, having guessed from a long conversation it was necessary a vein should be opened, took chaise, and underwent the operation at *Canterbury*—the next morning Mr. S. waited upon him, and—the usual compliments being over—

was thanked for his advice, and paid a compliment upon his judgment—the lancet was examined, the bandage unfolded, when my friend assured him, he had already profited by the experiment; was sorry he had not waited for his assistance—but really nothing else being required but to be BLOODED, he had travelled sixteen miles, afraid, if he had delayed to that moment, that he must have been PHLEBOTOMIZED.

This *blister-plaister* did not allay the *technico-mania*; for he addressed *Maria* in manner so soft, but withal in words so jargonical, they smelt like perfumed phyfic, the more nauseous as the more sweetly disguised—But every man, as *Sterne* says, has his *bobby*—so, while innocence guides the rein, gentleness tempers the spur, and he takes care to ride
over

over none of his neighbours—even let him curvet where he pleases.—His bows were like the rants of a fanatic preacher, repeated fifty fold—and I feared would never be brought to a conclusion.—At length he departed, and the story was resumed.—

CHAP. XII.

MARIA'S HISTORY.

THE years of infancy are seldom marked with colours worth exhibiting.—One black day can never be forgotten—I was ten years old—it was my birth-day—and embittered by the death of a *mother* who loved me beyond—let me pass over the remembrance—My *father* was inflexible and violent—his love and his hatred were not merely
no-

nominal, he made me feel them both, as my own *childishness* or his *caprice* prevailed. It was a maxim with him to thwart every wish of my bosom, that it might teach me the better to stand firm against the assaults of fortune,—as if he had foreseen the fate that hovered over me—Alas! the ills of life are so many when age has matured us, infancy should be spared even the slightest pang!—But I tire you.—‘Impossible.’—At fifteen, being with my aunt, under whose care my mind was stored with every requisite for female knowledge, a message was delivered me from my father—The messenger was elegance itself—my fancy was riveted to him—I had not art enough to conceal the emotion of my soul. To disguise innocent feelings is in a manner to make them guilty, was
a maxim

a *maxim* early infused into my childhood by a woman who had never been deceived herself, and was above suspicion—*Charles*, I did not love you then! It was merely surprize—had he not been amiable in manners, and pure as fainted cherubs, I had been all indifference.—Indeed, Sir, the world spoke of him as a star to steer by.—He repeated the injunction to attend my father; my part was compliance.—Means were discovered, in the course of three little mile, to render himself more agreeable—to tell me he had sought this commission to warn me of a danger ready to flash upon me—that his being allowed to speak to me made his heart beat with unusual transport—mine fluttered in unison.—The brow which met me demanded and had my duty—I revered my father—affection
was

was out of my power—it must be *angelic virtue* indeed that in continued excruciating torments, can kiss the *tyrant* that inflicts them.—His face was smoothed into a feigned tenderness that at the same time betrayed determined resolution—he handed from the carriage an only child, whom he hesitated not to call his only incumbrance—“ mutual interest, “ *Maria*, has induced me to part with, “ and engaged my friend to protect you “ —you will be introduced to him immediately—remember.”—The manner, the proposal, or rather the command, shocked me; but, accustomed to implicit obedience, a slight bend seemed to acquiesce; he praised my readiness, and thanked Heaven he was about to be rid of a trouble that had long given him disquiet.—I could have wished the
destined

destined *partner* of my life to resemble the young messenger,—he was the very opposite.—*Charles* met me the same evening in a sequestered part of the garden—as his presence distressed, his passion and anxiety alarmed me—they were violent, but indeed they were eloquent.—He represented my *father's* barbarity in a light my reason saw it; and the MAN's moroseness in terms, though they hurt me deeply, could not induce me to leave the one or encourage me to refuse the other.—I feigned an anger when I could have flown into his arms—resolved to be criminal in deception, rather than the knowledge of my unhappiness should add another dagger to his own.—Parental authority was absolute—He wept, he vowed—my countenance appeared
in.

inflexible—he requested me but to seal his pardon on my lips before we separated—for ever—A sensation never felt before rushed through my whole frame—I knew not how to refuse or comply—Had I stopped there!—He was all persuasive gentleness—it was the last time—for ever?—it was an innocent request—*innocent* in itself, but *dangerous* in its consequence—the bloom of prudence that glows on the lip of maiden-modesty is blasted by the first breath of a kiss—I deliberated—to deliberate is to consent—he triumphed—I sunk upon his breast—from that moment love and wretchedness revelled in my heart,—peace and comfort left me for ever.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

Kingsgate-House, Convent, &c.

MARIA was too faint to proceed—my concern was all alive, and I urged her to delay the sequel—permission was allowed her to take the air—a carriage was at the door in an instant.

No man with half a grain of curiosity can forbear visiting *Kingsgate*, a seat of the late Lord Holland—shall we drive thither? but no more of the story, *Maria*—no thoughtfulness—no retrospect—she shook her head.—The culture of the islanders afforded a topick for conversation where both were unconcerned, till we reached the ruins—It has been the folly of witlings to deride this situation, but they mistake the

the

the place for the man——A building of ruins to terminate a trumpery garden at *Islington* is a fair object of ridicule, but in *these* is exhibited so classical a taste as to bear away the imagination and the heart together.——

The house is modelled after Tully's Formian Villa on the banks of the Bail——and if it had not been mortgaged at play, would at this time have been possessed by an English *Orator*, whose abilities and eloquence outshine the boasted Romans'.—Thou spirit of gambling,——mother of every folly——sister of every vice—to whom the life of a father or the length of a straw are equal subjects of gain and pleasure—how does thy influence colour hearts that would otherwise be the pride and blessing of their country!

This

This mansion was lately the property of — P-w-l, Esq. its former steward — over whose fate and crime let mercy waft a cloud, as the one was the self-inflicted punishment of the other.—I carefully concealed both from my sweet companion—whose remarks were those of genius attempered with taste and discernment.

The inside of the edifice is ornamented with a superior collection of busts, vases, pillars and statues, variegated with inscriptions.—The whole view might gratify the eye of an artist or antiquary, but to a common observer conveys the idea of an auction-room.

This situation is peculiarly adapted to the consecrating a saloon to Nep-

E

tune—

tune—in the very sight of which, too many sacrifices are made to him, from the contiguity of the Godwin Sands, the rocks about the North-foreland, and the peculiarity of winds necessary for a safe conveyance round it.—The architecture is a mixture of the Roman and Gothic.

This is a Monkish distich, unmetrical, and taken from MINSTER CHURCH.

*Insula rotunda Tanatos quam circuit Unda,
Fertilis et munda nulli est in orbe secunda.—*

Maria wished me to translate every thing in Latin—I am no poet—but her partiality was pleased to compliment me.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION.

“Round is rich Thanet’s sea-encircled isle,
 “Whose happy fields with richest verdure smile.”

Thy fisheries yield food, thy commerce wealth;
 Thy baths give vigour, and thy waters health.

Whitfield was safe while Neptune kept his door;
 Neptune retir’d, and Whitfield is no more.

Divo Neptuno,

Insulæ Tanatos

Defensori,

Ædium Whitfieldiensium

Præcipue Tutori,

Portæ Regiæ et Terrarum circumjacentium

Patrono.

Hanc Statuam

E 2

Prope

Prope Ædes prædictas compertam

D. D. D. Anno 1768

HEN. de HOLLAND

jam senior fractusque.

TRANSLATED

To the God Neptune,

Defender

Of the Isle of Thanet,

Guardian

Of the House of Whitfield,

Patron

Of Kingsgate, and the surrounding Lands,

This Statue,

(Found near to this Spot)

Is dedicated by

HENRY LORD HOLLAND,

Now old and feeble.

At

At the bottom of a *Gray's-inn-lane* garden stands a beautiful column of black marble, and the lava of Mount Vesuvius, thus inscribed:

This Pillar

Is erected to the Honour of

MARGARET of KILDARE,

And alas! in Memory too

Of that most amiable woman,

Who died at Naples,

Anno 1767.

The best monument to the memory of departed *merit* is surviving *love*—Margaret you are recorded on both—“Happy woman!” cried *Maria*, and would have repressed a tear that spoke the soul.

Upon an eminence a *convent* fronts the sea, which, to use an Iricism, is a *perfect* building—it *represents* the remains of an ancient *monastery*, the seat of luxury—the nurse of aggrandizing monkhood—but *is* the residence of poverty and content—look, ye slaves of *priestcraft*, as ye sail along, and blush at the difference.

The *patron* of *fishermen* has an altar here dedicated to him, on which his devotees sacrifice not unfrequently to *Bacchus*——St. PETER was no flincher himself—and will not esteem the offering as a profanation——*Maria* ventured libations in remembrance of both—I joined her heartily, and with reverential thanksgiving left the *Peter-*
pence

pence behind me—or the priest and priestess, unmindful of the divinities, would have descended to downright scurrility, and thrashed us, mayhap, in the very temple—refreshed, as every good man is after his devotion, we proceeded to

C H A P. XIV.

HARLEY's TOWER, &c.

RAISED to the honor of one who
richly enjoys the *mens conscia recti*,
and richly deserves it too—on one side
may be discovered,

Magistratus indicat Virum.

TRANSLATED,

Authority proves the Man.

The other tablet exhibits,

THOMAS HARLEY,

Lord Mayor of London.

Justum et tenacem propositi Virum

Non Civium ardor prava jubentium

Mente quatit solida.

HOR.

TRANS-

TRANSLATED,

He who by Principle is sway'd,

In Truth and Justice still the same,

Is not of factious Crowds afraid,

Tho' civil Broils the State inflame.

ANON.

Had the same collected firmness opposed the blood-loving hypocrisy of associated *Puritans* in 1780, our streets would not have been ravaged by fire or deluged in blood—but peace to the ashes of as illiterate a coward as ever disgraced the civic chaplet.

At no wonderful distance, a turret rises to the view, with this inscription—

This

This Tower

(Built on the highest Spot in this Island)

Is dedicated

To the Memory of Thomas Whitfield, Esq;

(The Ornament, and,

Under Thomas Wynne, Esq.)

The Adorner of Kingsgate.

It is a beautiful design—and useful too—as an excellent sea-mark.—

On HACKENDOWN BANKS, two swells of earth—the burying-place of *Danes* and *Saxons*—between whom an obstinate battle was fought so near the cliffs, that tradition says, many perished in the sea, is erected a GOTHIC TEMPLE, which would thus perpetuate the engagement :

D. M.

D. M.

Danorum et Saxonum hic occisorum

Dum de solo Britannico

(Milites nihil a se alienum putant)

Britannis perfidè et crudeliter olim expulsis

Inter se dimicaverunt ;

HEN. de HOLLAND

posuit.

Qui duces, qualis hujus prælii exitus

Nulla notat Historia.

Annum circiter DCCCC evenit Pugna,

Et Pugnam hanc evenisse fidem faciunt

Offa quamplurima

Quæ sub hoc et altero tumulo huic vicino

Sunt sepulta.

TRANS-

TRANSLATED,

To the Memory

Of Danes and Saxons slain

Here,

Who having cruelly and perfidiously driven out

The Britons,

(Soldiers think every country their own)

Contended for the Empire,

HENRY Lord HOLLAND

Reared this Monument.

The Leaders and Event of this Battle

History does not discover ;

It was fought about the year 900,

And

That it was fought,

The bones found under this & the adjacent tomb
amply testify.

Alas!

Alas! remarked *Maria*, what a cutting reflection it is to human nature, that one murder makes a *villain*, that more form the *monster*, but the murder of millions, with every aggravating circumstance of cruelty and devastation, constitute the *hero*.

It is impossible to describe the awful reverence with which the mind is struck by the collected view of such a scene—it must be felt to be conceived—the LIGHT-HOUSE enriches it; near which was formerly a BEACON to alarm the poor Britons, destitute of courage as of fortune, on the approach of an enemy—Slight indeed must have been the obstruction to an invader; much indeed may we bless the *wooden walls* of OLD ENGLAND, and laugh at *fortifications*.

fications, if its original strength is in any degree represented by the port-cullis of

CHAP. XV.

KING'S-GATE.

ON the outside of which is delineated—

God bless Bart'lem's Gate.

And fronting the house,

Olim Porta fui Patroni Bartholomæi,

Nunc Regis Jussu regia Porta vecor.

Hic excenderunt CA. II. R et JA.

Dux Eborgoium 1686.

TRANS-

TRANSLATED

Kings'-Gate's my name, to Royal Mandate true,
Y'clep'd in former Times *Bartholomew*.

Here landed KING CHARLES the Second,
And JAMES DUKE of YORK,
In the Year 1686.

—And had they never reason to change
thy name, perhaps it had been happier
for the nation; but here they really
did land, and smuggled *French crimes*
with *Italian superstition* into the kingdom
—The islanders—to do them justice—
fond of illustrious examples—have ever
since kept up the custom of importing
contraband goods.

However ridiculous a ROUND HEAD
and a RUMP PARLIAMENT may appear
—every

—every good man will drop a tear to the remembrance that they were changed for a BLACK HEART and a CORRUPTED COUNTRY.—France never conquered us till that instant—ever vanquished by *our arms*, she vanquished us by *her vices*—*Luxury* and effeminate *foppishness* entered in triumph through this gate with the *Regal Rake* and *Exiled Bigot*—With the highest veneration for his *martyred* father—with the deepest detestation of *republican* principles, I cannot but draw a comparison between *Charles the Second* and the *Rebel Murderer*.—Which shall we the most admire, Him, who protected virtues he dissembled—but never knew;—or him, who propagated crimes he put on—but never enjoyed.—In his reign *bar-*
bers

bers cut off party by cutting off whiskers—and the COURT introduced *large wigs* instead of *patriotism*—*ribaldry* for *wit*, and *lust* for *religion*.

So charming is this scite, which afforded *Maria* a short respite from sorrow, that we were loth to quit it—Before we ordered the carriage, I presented her with a few lines, said to have been written by GRAY on the spot: If they were so, it will afford some idea of his being a sort of poet; for they have sense and meaning as well as jingle—His other works are too *sublime* for *human* comprehension, and are vastly like SWIFT'S song by a *person* of *quality*; which seems to mean prodigious things, but is errant *nonsense*—let me except a few pretticipisms in the favorite Elegy.

Old and abandoned by each venal friend,

Here HOLLAND took the pious resolution,
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fixt his choice,

Earl Godwin trembled for his native land,
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, tho' shipwreck'd, dread to land.

Here reigns the blust'ring north & blighting east,

No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
But nature cannot furnish out the feast,

Art is invoc'd new horrors still to bring:

Lo!

Lo! mould'ring tow'rs and battlements arise,
 Arches and turrets nodding to their fall,
 Unpeopled palaces delude the eyes,
 And mimic desolation covers all.

Oh! cried the fighting peer, had B—e been true,
 Or M—s—d's promise not bestow'd in vain,
 Far other scenes had blest'd our happier view,
 And realiz'd the ruins which we feign—

Purg'd by the sword, and purified by fire,
 Then had we seen proud London's hated walls
 Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
 And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's.

C H A P. XVI.

M A R I A.

IT was late designedly before we returned—*Maria* admitted me to supper—commended me to Heaven, and we parted, more composed and more happy—The next morning she read in my eyes a request her lips would not permit mine to make—for thus was her

S T O R Y *continued.*

My *father* surprized us in a situation that will be remembered with a mixture of bliss and terror—his anger was unbounded—invectives were the least of its effects—blows heaped on blows
almost

almost deprived me of sense—my *lover*, hurried into madness, lifted up his arm against the author of my being—I had just life enough to exclaim—“He is my father”—and, thank my God, preserved him from death.—To have been a *parricide* would have completed me a wretch—The *bold man*—Heavens! that a *parent* deserved to be called so,—dragged me home; his indigested schemes were no sooner conceived than executed—he sent for the but the sacred name of *husband* shall not be blackened with the epithets he deserves;—for I was married the next morning, before surprize and horror could give way to thought—*Love* now became *criminal*—*Charles* was no more

to be seen—to be remembered—no, not even in my dreams—involuntary sighs would rise—but indeed I checked them—involuntary thoughts too—alas! if that is to be criminal—you have in vain recalled a life that has now no concern but *his* welfare, and is yet afraid to wish even *that*.

This *husband* knew my partiality—and for whom, my father had informed him all—his picture had been shewn me—Though drawn by *Charles*, it was a flattering likeness—for he treated me——indeed a submissive WIFE would have borne all his cruelty with patience—but a few months made me a MOTHER——and his barbarity soon destroyed my child—Yes—the submis-
five

five *wife* would not have breathed a murmur—but the indignant *mother* of a murdered innocent, lovelier oh! I cannot tell how lovely—fired herself into *vengeance*—curled the first author of her miseries—implored perdition on a hard heart, a *father's* heart, and in the agonies of despair forgot her God—She meditated *self-destruction*—hugged its image to her bosom—it was her *lover*—her *child*—She got easy permission to make a journey—and perhaps in the very hope it was made—her mind grew calmer, but not less determined—the fatigue of the voyage forwarded a broken sleep, in which her complicated miseries rushed to the brain—and she flew—to leave a world

she had no relish for—and to clasp her little one again——

My blood froze within me—the recital was too much for both—She fell on her knees——every nerve of mine responded *Amen* to every prayer she uttered—I would have retired, but she waved her hand for me to stay——
“ Shall we meet at supper-time, I have
“ advice to ask of my *counsellour*, my
“ *friend*, my *brother*—Will you not be
“ tired of wretchedness?”——Perceiving me about to asseverate, she stopt me with “ Well, well, do not fail me ;” and we parted.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVII.

The C L I F F S.

THE evening was clear; the ocean as smooth as *Maria's* bosom, and as unruffled as that of her picture; when my steps were directed under the CLIFFS, whose venerable appearance struck me with awful pleasure—The natural grottos which the beating of an enraged sea had formed in the rock, appeared as the former residence of despairing *hermits*.—I could not help remembering the seat of *Abelard*, from whence he wrote to his *Heloise*, and betrayed a resignation that honoured him as a *man*, but disgraced him as a *lover*.

Unhappy

Unhappy *Heliose*! —Let prudes condemn you—they are *hypocrites* or *living-stones*—the tender eye will drop a tear over your ashes—the hand of forgiveness will place the light turf of mercy on your grave—affection will mark a deep inscription to your memory in the breast of the *lover*, and sensibility close it thus :

That heart which never sunk to a fault,
Will never rise to a virtue.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVIII.

D E N T *de* L Y O N.

HOW long contemplation would have entranced me it was impossible to determine, had not the smack of a whip spoilt my reverie—the *farmers* visit the sea-shore for *waur* to manure the land—my course was now bent for *Dent de Lyon*, the *real* remains of a very ancient seat, whose entrance-gate is still almost entire—I clambered up to the top of the *battlements*—the scenes around, though partly level, are variously swelled by nature, and afford a variety, which, through the richest cultivation (for the land seems more indebted to the skilful gardener than care-

careless husbandmen) cheer the civilized eye beyond all the *freaks* and *vagaries* of wild mountains and desert vales.—In returning down the circling stairs I espied something like the path to a *subterraneous* passage—it was not in nature to resist exploring—a *dungeon* finished the search, its massy rings still remaining where many a bold *champion*, after hazarding his life in glorious battle, was left to groan away years of *captivity*—where, perhaps, in ruder times, *barons* devoted to some despotic master removed the *patriot zeal* to perish in *obscurity*—that would have thwarted the schemes of *tyrant pride*, and earlier reared the temple of liberty.—Oh! Liberty, thy blessings are like

like those of Heaven—we know not their value till we lose them.

This venerable pile of *antiquity* has been lately disgraced by hewing down the trees that fostered it with shelter, for the purpose of amusing *refined Londoners* with the game of *bowls*.—Oh! how my resentment rose to see *civic poppinjays* in *paltry sports* profane the spot where, formerly, native *fierceness* softened before the shrine of *beauty*—where sweet *attention* unbuckled the armour of *war*, and the *love of one's country* gave way to *domestic affection*—“Faugh—faugh—remembrance sickens
“at it.”

CHAP.

C H A P. XIX.

The RESOLUTION.

WHO could have forgotten to re-visit *Maria*?—We were scarce seated, but her fine eyes lighted up, and her cheek was suffused into a glow that bespoke the hope of my approving the new wish of her soul—“ You must be sensible what censure
 “ accompanies the dangerous situation
 “ of a *lonely woman*, and”—here she threw down her eyes—“ I can never
 “ return to a *monster*—perhaps to be
 “ dragged to his arms—horrible—hor-
 “ rible—to avoid this I would seques-
 “ ter myself in a cloister, bless my
 “ God, for giving me such a *friend*
 “ as

" as you—and endeavour to be re-
" *signed.*"

" But the difference of *religious* te-
" nets?"

" Oh! Sir, to a mind firm in its
" *chief principle*, the foundation of all
" religion—*rites* and *ceremonies* may be
" dispensed with by a heart that would
" not treat them with *irreverence*,
" though its better reason condemns
" their *pageantry.*"

" Pardon me; but is *your* will the
" only judge of such a determination?"

" This letter came hither since you
" left me—it is brutal, but short—it
ad-

“advises what I would have stooped
 “to ask permission for—but that
 “abasement is saved me.”

“Have you not a *father* too?”

“He sold his right to my desires;
 “and had he not, his impetuosity has
 “cost him his life—may Heaven for-
 “give him as I do—My dear aunt
 “could not bear to see the inhu-
 “manity exercised toward me—it blast-
 “ed her blooming hopes—‘she hung
 ‘her head and died.’

To assent where she had so fixed her
 soul seemed inevitable—I would have
 persuaded her to endeavour by a re-
 tirement in England to calm her sor-

ROWS—

rows—Time might soothe them——

“ Misfortunes, *Maria*, look the larger
“ through the clouds we see them.”

“ It is true, she sighed; but there is
“ not one ray of hope to burst through
“ and dispel the vapour that so magni-
“ fies mine.”

“ But, *Maria*, when would you leave
“ me?”—

“ That, that distresses me.”

“ Leave you, Oh! my God—my
“ only consolation——

“ To-morrow you purpose visiting
“ *Ramsgate*——We’ll meet on your re-
“ turn——”

“ I shall have leisure to consider the
“ subject—and perhaps you will think
“ of me——”

C H A P. XX.

R A M S G A T E.

IT has been a common custom to give every long *jobb* the name of *church-work*; but all protraction itself is out-protracted by the length of time (a series of thirty-six years) which has been wasted in the building of *Ramsgate Pier raree-show*; nay, all ridiculousness is out-ridiculed by erecting an edifice for the preservation of vessels from all *tempests*, where only one wind can bring them within it, and the tide withal throw up so much filth, as to render it a *gully-hole* rather than an *harbour*.—This is one of the blessed instances where public money is prostituted

tuted to trumpery purposes.—The people of *Ramsgate* are at least half a century behind their neighbours of *Margate*—being *fat*, *foul*, and *fussy*—the old Monkish couplet will still hold its application :

Ramsgate Capons, Peters Lings,

Bradstow Scrubs and Margate Kings:

The town itself is an unhandsome imitation of *Wapping*.—While my dinner was preparing at the best inn—for in every thing the best is the cheapest—an Admiral was abusing his servant under the window—the fellow endeavoured to excuse himself; but the more he remonstrated the more he exasperated—at last, perceiving his

master lift up a cane, he disarmed him at once, by calling out—" Stop, " Sir; do stop—Lord, Sir, it is much " below a *British Admiral* to *strike*!"— I would have rewarded such a *stroke* of *ingenuity*—but that wit in bad hands is too nearly allied to *impudence* to be encouraged.

From the top of a neighbouring hill the *polite* eye may in a clear day catch a glimpse of *France*, and once in a month gratify itself with the discovery of fans-shirted ruffles, unfooted hose, and only chemise of the Calais Bourgeois hanging out to dry—Mine was turned thither for another purpose—it is to be the future residence of the poor *Maria*—Did thy *cloisters* mi-

minister balm alone to the wounded heart, and not become the hospital of *disappointed prudes*,—the prison of *unportioned loveliness*—how would thy walls be hallowed—The grateful orisons of mourners consoled, ere they reach the sky they aim at, drop down in dews of blessing on the compassionate head, enriching it with the fat of plenty and the full ears of happiness.

C H A P. XXI.

DRAPER'S ALMS-HOUSE.

FATIGUED and weary with a jaunt which afforded me little satisfaction, I returned by the way of *Draper's Alms-house*, and forgot all my displeasure in the smiles of relieved indigence and aged industry.—This institution is not a nest of *drones*, but the hive is fed by the sweets of assistance, and the honey of action.—I was surprized to see some *elegant women* in the apartments—Surprized! What cannot elegance feel exquisitely the sensations of mercy?—Yes—indeed it can—and *beauty* has such a charm, that whatever is bestowed by the *fairest hand*
be-

becomes the *richest cordial*—If a woman knew how much her charms are improved when searching the dwellings of the wretched—her *vanity*—for every female has a spark—would induce her frequently to console the widow, and cheer the orphan—it lights up the eye, englows the cheek, reddens the lip, flutters the heart—at such a moment animated ugliness becomes more lovely, than all the cold, regular features of insensible beauty.

An old gaffer and his mate were enjoying a *tête a tête* in the last house—“Do not let me disturb your conversation, good folks—pursue your chat, and I will take a chair with you.” They were recounting old

scenes—an habit *age* dearly loves—in-
nocence lives over again every past
action with renewed rapture—tales of
misery become softened to resignation
—and the remembrance of joys, as a
ball of snow, encreases rapidly as it
rolls.

They lamented that the place of
their nativity had lost its pristine vir-
tues with its roughness—and sold its
simplicity at *Vanity Fair*—When they
asserted that *strangers* left little more
than their *crimes* behind them, and
robbed it even of the semblance of
goodness it once possessed, I endea-
voured to persuade them that in the
wild state of uncultivated nature, little
actions magnified themselves into mag-
nanimity—

nanimity—that many excellencies were hid in the boundless ocean of social culture; for if there is more of *vice* in a civilized country, there is more of *virtue*.—"Look here now in the
" many, who, to enjoy such an evening as this, have charitably visited this mansion."—"Lord, Sir! you
" mistake the case—these people come here through *economy*—they bring
" their own provision with them, and are frequently so sparing in their
" contributions, as not to pay for the firing that boils their water; and
" my dame had all the dirt they left behind, as a reward for her trouble—we make a small charge *now*,
" much less than the publicans, but
" a lit-

“a little estate to us—yet even this is
“ paid *grudgingly*”.

I defended them no longer; but
lifted up my eyes in grateful adora-
tion to searchless Providence, that made
the hand of parsimony to bless the
destitute in as effectual a manner, as
if it tendered the *gift of mercy*, and
not the *payment of meanness*.

They invoked so many blessings on
me at parting, as had nearly over-
whelmed my spirits; which were pur-
chased so cheaply, they convinced me
how small indeed must have been *pru-
dential* donations.—It was not in my
power to give *much*—it was not in my
inclination—You may remember the
story

story of a *cobler*, who “worked and sung
 “from morn to night.”—“So happy
 “now,” says the man of wealth—
 “how much happier would he be in
 “the enjoyment of fortune.”—So he
 left *ten pounds* with him.—The *lap-stone*
 no longer beat time to his *whistle*—
 all was gloominess and silence—curfed
 by this enormous sum, *Snob* was no
 longer joyous—but perceiving in time
 the reason of his uneasiness, returned
 the money—The next morning his *note*
 and his *happiness* came back together,
 for his *industry* came along with them.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXII.

The F L I G H T.

I HAD scarce reached my lodging when a paper was delivered into my hand—a *presentiment* warned me that *Maria* should bless my sight no more—Presentiments are the offspring of *fear*—but too often the companions of *truth*—The note seemed wet, and confusedly closed—I could not open it for the life of me—it may be her *husband* pursues her hither, and she wants assistance—while I deliberate she is suffering—Oh! no, no, my first apprehensions were but too just.

The

The L E T T E R.

MARIA could not formally part with her dear deliverer—her wounds—but barely assuaged—will not bear to be torn open and bleed afresh—a vessel sails for Dunkirk in his absence—Oh! sometimes think of a wretch your humanity has restored to existence—your persuasiveness has reconciled to herself—Should you ever meet that kindred spirit mine would have delighted to mingle with, soothe his sorrows in the knowledge that my prayers and my heart will be his while utterance is bestowed on the one, and life on the other—This is moistened with the tears of friendship, that union of the soul without which light is darkness, and every passion of the mind despair. ——— Farewel ——— but
not

not for ever—You must be my guardian still—let us mutually impart our thoughts—actions are no longer mine—when the seat of peaceful retirement receives her you shall hear again from

M A R I A.

I ran to the beach, accused her of ingratitude—deceit—would have banished her my memory—crushed the unwelcome paper in my hand—retracted all again, and kissed it with faint-like devotion.

The

The C O N F E S S I O N.

A G I T A T I O N deprived me of faculties—I forbore to sigh, to weep, to look—my eyes had so long fixt themselves on vacancy as to alarm the woman who waited upon me—she had discovered a *packet* that in my hurry had fallen out of the letter unperceived, and was glad of an opportunity to awake me out of my trance.—How my hands trembled—I hesitated to break open a seal that she had impressed—it was the image of Hope—airy goddess—unsubstantial vapour—fond to promise, to cheer, to deceive—let the reflection of thy image sink into my soul—cheat me into the belief
that

that we shall meet again, and I will try to be content.

The packet was opened—it was Maria's hand——

ALAS! there was something still on my mind, will my more than friend forgive a silly heart that would have kept a secret from him.—After the fatal hour that gave me to—— to whom? Oh! rather tore me from Charles—we met by accident—Was it a crime—if it was, surely it brought its own punishment.—Remorse and despair have ever since tortured me with hopeless wishes and agonizing wretchedness—I would have assumed an ease, and seemed at least unconcerned, but Love, jealous of his invaded rights, raised such a storm

storm of contending passions as overwhelmed me.—On my revival, I found myself supported by him, his fine eyes expressive of every feeling that marks the lover—at this moment—the past—the future—were all lost in the present—Charles was my husband—father—friend—the whole world to me—I adored him, and confessed it—the manner in which he received my confession opened all my miseries at once—it was too much—my brain fired, and I rushed from him—for ever—Conscious of my weakness—was it more than weakness?—I could not meet THE MAN's eyes, that seemed busy in discovering the source of my distress—not to relieve—for he had nothing like humanity in him—but to sink me at once—he questioned, suspected, railed at, and cursed me—anger gave me spirits, or, depressed as

H

I was

I was, my soul had winged itself to heaven.—Has a man, joined as we were by force, not love—has he command over our thoughts? Wishes and hopes had all left me.—The next day I found these lines on my table—I need not keep a copy—they are too deeply engraven on my memory to be forgotten—

WHERE were the Loves when Interest led
 My *Mary* to the shrine,
 And plac'd the wreath on *Damon's* head,
 Which *Venus* should entwine?

What tho' no clay-cold hand appear'd,
 No shroud, to chill the sight;
 Yet omens loud and dire were heard,
 To stop th' unhallow'd rite—

Why

Why were the sounds to caution lost
 That shook the vaulted air,
 As if some once ill-mated ghost
 Cried, "*Wretched maid, beware?*"

"*Is there no youth whose rising charms*
Perchance your heart might snare ;
Round whom you'd throw affection's arms ?
Ah ! wretched maid, beware."

Mary to Damon ill was join'd,
'Twas wax to raging fires ;
 Not all the softness of her mind
 One tender thought inspires.

Alas ! the violet of the dale,
 In shades well-pleas'd and bland,
 Cannot its matchless sweets exhale
 Upon the burning sand.

I saw her drooping head recline;
 Her breast with tumults move;
 I bade her lean that breast on mine,
 And pity rose to love.

As down her woe-chill'd cheek it stole
 I kiss'd the falling tear;
 I kiss'd—it sunk into my soul,
 And left her image there:

And now we sigh, and look and weep,
 Embrace, and wish and sigh;
 We fear the whisp'ring airs that creep,
 And ev'n a shadow's eye—

Our loves both joy and woe diffuse,
 Both smiles and tears enfold;
 As evening clouds o'ercharg'd with dews,
 And yet befring'd with gold.

They

They say,

“The soul of poetry is fiction”—

This spoke too plainly to my heart—and I could not suspect it—it is not poetry, but inspiration.—Do not tell me it is wrong to repeat it—it will be my mattins and my vespers—believe me, I would not see him for the world—my peace depends upon forgetfulness—and yet infatuated fancy will sometimes draw his form, and paint his last, last look.

Bear with, pity, forgive

the lost

M A R I A.

Poor, love-lorn trembler—pity you?
Yes, more than ever—may comfort
“drop as the rain, distil as the dew”

H 3

upon

upon your head——Bear with you! brutal indeed must be the savage arm that “breaks the bruised reed.”—‘*Lost Maria!*’—not lost—joy may again revisit a heart that is so susceptible of sorrow—your *Charles* cannot forget you—He who has once looked on *you* with the lover’s eye can never behold another.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXIII.

S H O O T I N G.

MY gun had been a solace and a comfort in my former years—this is not the season of *game* it is true; and if it was, that season is *monopolized*—my game was of a different kind—to kill unpleasant reflections—my *hair-dresser* (for in every place they are most intelligent beings) informed me where the *sea-swallows* resorted—which as food are far from unpalatable, and afford excellent *sport*—they are given to man to “kill and eat;” so, while cruelty does not accompany death, their destruction is the impulse of nature—many had fallen around

H 4

me,

me, when a boy diverted my attention by searching among the loose stones, thrown up by the tempest, for their *nests* and *little ones*—*Nests* and *little ones*—how my heart sunk!—Then you hovered round me to protect your brood—careless of the thunder and the bolt, you became *martyrs* to *parental love*—I will make no comparison between you and man; for *Maria's* affection for her lost infant restrains me—My gun became useless, and my steps were retraced, cheerless and unhappy.

Having paid my money, and been more than repaid by obsequiousness and servility, I resolved again

“To tempt Old Ocean.”

What,

What, can you leave *Margate*, and forget the *assembly*—the *raffles*—the *libraries*—the *ladies coffee-room*—the *walks*—the—alas! I saw them all; but saw—nothing—men, but not characters—and women without—things without utility—books without reading—rooms without company—walks without shade—The jaundiced eye looks on all things in the same tint—*Maria's* absence had jaundiced mine—The *assembly* might have gratified me—to see boys and girls dance into each other's hearts—is a natural luxury—to observe antiquated *fuffocks* and lank-flanked *rakes* affecting youthful activity and love-lorn simpers—is the food of charitable *ridicule*—but the rooms were not open:

CHAP.

C H A P. XXIV.

The R E T U R N.

HOW diversified is the countenance of nature—the ocean frowned on my approach—on my return all was serene and beautiful—You would have been charmed to have seen the reflection of the sun's rays under a boat near us—the company it contained did not enjoy it—they appeared to be two *lovers* about to separate—in *her* face was depicted silent anguish—*his* betrayed the convulsions of distress and manly pride.—I would give the world to describe the smile she would have cheered him with, when the boat pushed off; and cursed that necessity from the
depth

depth of my soul that compelled them to part.

There was not a lamentation or a tear escaped from either to allay the fulness of grief—it was unutterable—I suspect that which is loud—the noise of a *drum* but exposes the emptiness of the instrument from whence it proceeds—He left the deck, and was seen no more during the *voyage*.

Many people laugh at *physiognomy*—as a science it is not to be professed; but there is something in some eyes sympathetically attractive—on turning towards the crew, to notice who were affected by the past scene, a *sea-officer* caught my observation—We grew attached

tached without speaking a word—and our first address to each other, seemed that of a long acquaintance—it was what it ought to be, neither formality nor hesitation.

He was polished in externals—his knowledge, literary and philosophic, was liberal and amusing—he had not visited foreign nations to extirpate them, and enrich himself—but as a *freeman* of the *world*, to laugh every where at foibles—detest vices, however sanctified by fashion or example, and copy excellence wherever he found it—We conceive rude fierceness as interwoven with the *naval* profession—I expressed as much, and was assured there were thousands in that line,

im-

impartially speaking, who united the scholar and the gentleman.

So slowly did we proceed, there was leisure sufficient to descant on every thing around us—the *Dutch fishing-smacks* gliding by, awoke the regret that so many sailors were reared in so valuable a nursery for the service of our *enemies*—If the strength of a nation depends on *men*, as well as *money*, why lavish both in *trifling pursuits*, and neglect to foster them for national *dangers*—The way of *politics*, like that of *religion*, is unsearchable—we must implicitly give credit to *mysteries* that appear incredible, if we would pin our *faith* upon either.

In

In the night we reached *London*—it is the metropolis of my *native* country—and I would forbear to say with *regret*—but truth will out—here must I pause—the thick air is ungenial to *sensitment* and *reflection*—all henceforth then must be either *dulness* or *silence*.

F I N I S.



